

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOLUME XXXI

CHICAGO, MARCH 30, 1893

NUMBER 5

UNITY

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF RELIGION

ESTABLISHED IN 1878

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\$1.00 A YEAR. 10 WEEKS ON TRIAL FOR 10 CENTS.
SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

Advertising, 12 cents per line; business notices 24 cents per line. Advertisements of book publishers received direct; other advertising through LORD & THOMAS, advertising agents, Chicago and New York. Readers of UNITY are requested to mention this paper when answering advertisements.

Unity Publishing Company,

175 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

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Editorial.

Immortal.

He is dead, you say, yet bright the morning,
Not a touch of all its beauty fled;
Clover blossoms still hold out their honey
For bees to sip—and he is dead.

Ne'er a flower breathed sweetly into blossom,
Ne'er a bird wheeled swiftly overhead
But his thoughtful heart did take the lesson
Nature taught—and he is dead.

Kind to all the weaker souls that suffered;
Strong and true as he was gentle, brave,
He is not dead—he lives in hearts forever,
Hearts better for the loyal love he gave.

And as Summer fast takes on her colors,
And flowers he loved fling fragrance on
the air,

Let us not mourn him gone forever—
His presence still is with us everywhere.

FRANCES OVIATT LEWIS.

"INTERNATIONALISTS" has long been a word suggestive of red flags and general terror; but the word carries within itself saving power. It

suggests the "enthusiasm of humanity" more praised than practiced. It carries a spirit that will break down the barriers of prejudice and jealousy not only industrially, but intellectually and religiously, a spirit that will eventually prove stronger than political antagonisms and the ambitions of those in power.

Maine is considering the plan of authorizing police and municipal judges to commit habitual drunkards, (under certain circumstances,) to the Keeley Institutes at the expense of the state. A bill looking toward the same results has been introduced into the Wisconsin State legislature.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the New York Herald of March the 19th calls poverty "the problem of the ages"; says "it is not necessary to progress. The Potter's field is not a legitimate outcome of civilization." There is no real progress except out of poverty. And the Potter's field may indicate how far civilization is still away.

A MOVEMENT is afoot to connect Milwaukee and Chicago with an electric railroad. Half-hour trains will be run, and it is proposed to make the distance in an hour and twenty minutes. A similar project is well under way connecting St. Louis and Chicago. It is thought that they can be brought within three hours of each other. Get out of the way with your creeds, your cramping traditions that necessitate aloofness. The world is coming together. The contact of life with life is too immediate and vital to pay much more respect to "isms," labels and compromises.

A VERY interesting Negro conference was recently held at Tuskegee, Ala. Negro farmers were in the ascendancy and practical ways and means of helping the race to rise were discussed. Mrs. Logan and Mrs. Brown of the Tuskegee Normal school presented the Women's cause and at the next Conference a special meeting is to be held to discuss their rights. Very just and reasonable are the demands they make. "Better homes for their children, less work in the fields, and more respectful treatment from their fathers, husbands, and brothers." It is said that the younger men heartily supported these women in their reasonable demands of most palatable rights.

WE refuse to believe, until further evidence is furnished, that the United States through the pending Extradition Treaty with Russia has become party to such cruel and criminal arrangement as the public press reports. The time has not yet come to make fully public the Treaty. Meanwhile we will hope that the United States is not going to try to re-enact the role of the Fugitive Slave law, and to become a party to hunt and hound the refugees who have fled to its borders in search of liberty and equal rights. We cannot believe that President Harrison would allow the fair fame of his administration to have been smirched at its close by such a dark transaction. Let us wait and see.

THE success of the Tower Hill Pleasure Company's plans for a World's Fair building for the accom-

modation of UNITY friends exceeds the committee's most sanguine expectations. Already, for some parts of the time, the capacity of the building has been exhausted and an overflow arrangement has been made for another building in the neighborhood. Mrs. Dr. Brown, of Dr. Kerr's parish at Rockford, an intelligent and most desirable lady, has been engaged as matron. Other arrangements are pending for the greater comfort of the guests who are to stop at the UNITY Building. It is hoped to make it a sort of Near-the-Fair headquarters and place of rendezvous for all UNITY friends whether boarders there or not. For the latest announcement of the committee see the advertisement in last week's issue.

ACCORDING to Census Bulletin, 349 Unitarians have organizations in thirty-two States and in the District of Columbia. The membership is placed at 67,749 with 424 church edifices with a seating capacity of 165,000, and fifty-five halls with seats for 10,370. This church property is valued at \$10,335,100. Sixty-seven thousand seven hundred and forty-nine Unitarians and room for 175,370 in buildings already erected! Here seems to be an opportunity for some active missionary work to fill these vacant places. It is quite possible that many of the seats are occupied Sunday after Sunday by people who enjoy liberal preaching but who from social or other considerations dislike the reproach that the name often carries along with it, and so refuse to take it, if so here is a still larger opportunity for work. And again they may be filled by others who are unwilling to call themselves Unitarians because of the limitations which the name too often implies. Perhaps it is not easy to tell just how to do it but it would be comforting to know that such a large investment of money and of the love and devotion that must at some time have preceded it were being more constantly utilized for the uplifting of humanity. The Unitarian seats already provided will never be filled by Unitarians of the sectarian kind. There are not seats enough to hold the Unitarians of the humanitarian kind.

WE share with our readers the following curiosity received by the publishers of UNITY from a man in Indiana. We judge he is not an advocate of "Revision." We have lately been reading of the peculiarities of the "Auld Lichts" in Thrums; but this face-to-face fact lacks that aspect of humor which distance in time might lend to it. Truly, one half the world does not know how the other half lives—intellectually. However, the attitude of the mind is much redeemed by that of the heart, out of which the letter is written "affectionately":

IND., Mar. 15, 1893.

DEAR SIR:—You need not send me UNITY longer. I am told in God's blessed Book to "prove what is acceptable unto the Lord," Eph. 5: 10. And I find that there is no bleeding sacrifice in your paper, and God says, "Without shedding of blood there is no remission." Heb. 9: 22. We see God's disapproval to a sacrifice without blood in Gen. 4: 1-8. You could have thrust a spear through and through Cain's sacrifice and no blood would have come to put away sins. People may cavil at the authority of God's word, "but the wrath of God abideth

on him,"—all Christ's blood rejecters.—Ps. 2: 3-5. "The Lord shall have them in derision. Then shall He speak unto them in His Wrath."—Prov. 1: 24-33. "Because there is wrath, beware."—Job 36: 18; Luke 11: 42.

Yours Affectionately,

GLADSTONE is making a brave fight for his Home Rule project. The Protestant Ulster people who will be in a decided minority if Ireland is relegated to Home Rule, dislike and distrust their prospective liberation. To be under Catholic domination is for them a far more serious thing, they feel, than to be under the English. The Tory leaders are inclined to work this Ulster prejudice for all it is worth. The "grand old man," however, is shrewd and likely to outwit them. He moves calmly and without hurry. He has plenty of time yet. He knows his business; is never caught napping. He goes off home and stays in bed a few days just at the time when expectation is rife for the second reading of his bill. The Irish are feverish with excitement and disappointment. But the old man comes forth again from his bed recuperated and fresh; has gained an important point by his delay (or so it is rumored), that will render Ulster's opposition harmless, reconcile, in fact, Protestant and Catholic under the new order of emancipation. Wonderful old man, if he does do it, or if he does not do it. The secret of his long life and hold on all his intellectual faculties evidently being his always having something so important to be done that he must live on and on. Nature is often lenient to such natures, and hesitates to loosen their grip on the days and years.

PROFESSOR GEORGE M. FORBES of the Rochester (N. Y.) University, a Baptist College, but Baptist on broad lines—talked to the Current Topic class of the Y. M. C. A. the other day on "Religious Unrest." In the course of his remarks he said,—and the words from such a source to such an audience have much more significance than when UNITY words the same thing:

"I think you young men will live to see the day when it will not be necessary for a man who desires to unite with a church to subscribe to any explicit formula of belief laid down by individuals. I think that the time is coming when the test of admission to the church will not be a formal acquiescence in the statements of a creed. The great questions then will be: "Have you the life of God in your hearts? Do you love righteousness? Do you want to make the world better?" I look upon this religious movement hopefully. I believe it will usher in the final day. It is not going to blot out denominations. The denominations ought to look upon themselves as regiments in the great army fighting a common enemy. As it is they are fighting each other and not the common enemy. Neither can conquer anything when it fights under the impression that its great object is to conquer all the other regiments. When the denominations reach the point where they realize this, then they will conquer all the world. In a few years the denominations will have no creeds at all."

The Easter Before Death.

One of the central proof-texts in support of the doctrine of a "glorious resurrection" after death used by the Christian world for many generations is found in Job 19: 25-27. This passage forms the golden text in the burial service of the Anglican ritual. As such it has become a star of hope to uncounted souls; but no passage in the Bible has suffered a more violent wrench at the hands of the scholars. These tell us that according to the true rendering, instead of being a doctrinal proof-text for a "resurrection after death," it serves an entirely different and quite antagonistic idea. In the light of the true rendering, Job, brave hero, declares that in spite of sickness and the leanness that follows, he means to live long enough to find his integrity vindicated. *Even in this life he expects to see God as his friend, and for this communion his soul continues to pray.*

At first thought this work of the scholars is a cruel denudation, a sad iconoclasm; and one is almost tempted to excuse the deliberate silence of so many preachers and interpreters concerning what seems to them an unfortunate disclosure. "It is so much easier to bear the burdens of life when the soul is assured that after life's battles are over it may appear through its Redeemer, reclothed in new flesh before its God, that it is well such assurance be stayed even by a false reading." Thus might reason these intelligent conspirators with silence and ignorance for faith's sake.

But truth is always better than falsehood, and a high hope gains nothing from a false prop. Even though the truer rendering miss the higher truth still we would consider it the part of good religion to deal honestly even with a Bible text. But fortunately, the improved version leads to the more subtle, more helpful and the higher thought.

The thought of an "Easter after death," is a rhapsody which thrills and cheers. But the thought of an *Easter before death*, the finding God on this earth, seeing His face in the grime and gloom of our imperfections and failures is a tonic that brings moral strength in the face of defeat, spiritual peace in the presence of opposition, the joy "that passeth all understanding" in the presence of failure. There is credit to the soul that languishes for the impossible, and at times it may be pious to refuse the possible altogether, to do nothing rather than to do the imperfect. In such a dead-lock between the ideal and the actual, the thing we want and the thing we can get, perhaps death is the only solution, and perchance the soul had better pray for the time when it may go to its God in the celestial land beyond.

But, to our thinking, there is higher spirituality in the patience that does the imperfect within its reach; that is glad to work within limitations, that, feeling the close clasp of bounds changes it from a fetter into a stay, and, looking intently upon it, finds God's face shining through it. There is much spiritual conceit that passes for spirituality, that which imagines itself endowed with tastes too high, ideals too fine and aspirations too exquisite to be utilized in this world, or to be available to earthly interests. More insight, truer love, and more genuine piety will find here below possibilities for divine investments, and the opportunity of doing the work of heaven in earthly surroundings.

May our Easter thoughts lead us to new appreciation of things as they are; more willingness to contend with the limitations of earth. May we be sustained in our purpose to amend, knowing that like Job, we may meet our God here, if we, like Job, hold fast to that integrity, that in darkness

as well as light, in defeat as in triumph, in weakness as in strength, trusts and tries continuously. By this trusting and trying we arrive at the highest Easter truth which makes us true in our living.

Sunday and the World's Fair.

The question about the World's Fair answers itself. If many people want it kept open on Sunday, there is no sufficient reason for closing it.

It cannot be closed to commemorate the former Sabbath reason,—that the world was finished in six days,—for few people any longer believe that.

It cannot be closed because the Creator then, as Scripture says, "rested and was refreshed;"—for most preachers now admit that He never has rested or needed to be refreshed.

It cannot be closed in obedience to the Old Testament law;—for that law ordered the keeping of Saturday instead of Sunday, and that "whosoever doeth any work in the Sabbath day shall surely be put to death,"—which would leave none to attend the Fair.

It cannot be closed in the name of the New Testament;—for that has not a word in favor of keeping the Sabbath.

It cannot be closed in the name of Christ,—for one of the chief complaints against him was, that "He keepeth not the Sabbath," and even Archbishop Whately said, "Jesus did decidedly and avowedly violate the Sabbath."

It cannot be closed in the name of the Apostles;—for none of them urged any such thing, and so careful a writer as Lecky says, "Sabbatical obligation, as St. Paul most explicitly affirms, no longer rested upon the Christians."

It cannot be closed in the name of the early Christians;—for they gave up the Sabbath, and in keeping Sunday, continued for several centuries to labor, and allow amusements, after the religious services.

It can hardly be closed in the name of Catholicism;—for Catholics have generally taken the liberal side in such questions, and seem not to want it closed.

It can hardly be closed in the name of Calvinism;—for Calvin allowed his followers to drill and play at bowls on Sunday afternoon, and sometimes engaged in the game himself.

It cannot be closed to promote morality and public order;—for its opening will keep the crowds from worse places, and the Chicago saloon-keepers want it closed for their own benefit.

It cannot be closed to secure the rights of labor;—for the managers propose to make the Sunday labor as little as possible, and to have no employed work more than six days in the week.

It cannot be closed in the name of religious rights;—for it will violate no such rights. Every person in Chicago will be allowed to stay away and to worship as he wishes, and can worship with less disturbance if the Fair takes the crowds out of the streets. It is rather the closed Fair that would violate rights;—and the *Nation* well said, that for a church to shut others from the Fair because it does not want to go, is "ecclesiastical despotism,"—and that Congress should undo that "hasty blunder which it would be almost a crime to sustain."

On the other hand are many reasons why it should be kept open. It should be opened because so many citizens want it. It should be opened to accommodate laborers on their day of leisure. It should be opened to save the crowds from temptation else-

where. It should be opened for its elevating influence,—enlarging the knowledge and thought of its visitors and refining them by its beauties of nature and art. It should be opened as a teacher of human brotherhood and peace, showing the worth of nations which we have ignored. It should be opened as a religious teacher, showing the bounty of nature, and the goodness of the divine Providence that has inspired man to produce all these beauties and blessings. The Fair should be opened on Sunday because it will aid the best aims of the Christian Sunday and the Jewish Sabbath,—enlightening minds, refining feelings, elevating souls and advancing humanity in the world.

H. M. S.

A Retrospect.

The "New Departure" at Tacoma recalls to the writer the era of *The Radical* and the Free Religionists and the Free churches of that day. Even less formal than Mr. Martin's Free Church was Samuel Johnson's at Lynn. The formality there was only the business one, the subscription list that covered the expenses. All spiritual, religious, and moral obligation was implied and not specified. Why should they profess even to be seekers of truth? What else did they pay Johnson to preach for? He was a truth-teller, a scholar with ideas, a very profitable man to listen to. He was the inspirer of the broadest, noblest culture. There was David Wasson, a free man with a free church for a while at Groveland, then Worcester, and after at the 28th Congregational church in Boston, one of the successors of Theodore Parker. There was Potter at New Bedford, in a church incorporated as Unitarian, but with minister free as the air he breathed. Weiss at Watertown in a Unitarian church with a long and interesting record, carrying himself as free in speech as though he had called his hearers together in a public hall. There were the Free churches at Florence, Providence, Milford and many other towns—all these in no sense denominational. Those who stayed in organizations that bore the Unitarian label did so for the reason, probably, that they were yet able to treat whatever topic in whatever way they pleased, with no protest from the people they served, but rather encouragement and approval. But had they to initiate new societies as Johnson did, for instance, they would one and all have started on a thoroughly independent basis, and made for themselves free churches in name as in deed. Perhaps they had acted more wisely in doing so. But it is not always easy to say what others should do or not do.

Men and Things.

THE term "tabby cat" is derived from Atab, a famous street in Bagdad, inhabited by the manufacturers of silken stuff called atabi or taffety. This stuff is woven with wavy markings of watered silk resembling a "tabby" cat's coat.

THE train men on a Vermont railroad captured a live deer entangled in a wire fence along the road and brought him into Rutland when the Deer Protective Society of the state bought him and returned him by the next train to his liberty in his old haunts.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, Mary A. Livermore, and others are leading the movement in Boston in favor of putting the sale of liquors into the hands of salaried appointees of the State. The legislature is considering it. This will take the traffic out of the speculative line and leave the business the more desirable in proportion as the trade is less active.

KAISER WILLIAM betrays many signs of original, self-prompting energy. He is certainly not asleep. He has Germany on his heart, and blending with his views of his divinely appointed mission, is undoubtedly in earnest for the national welfare. He is

religious, too, it is reported, and he performs his pious duties punctually and with enthusiasm. But he is a busy man in the affairs of this world and his allotments of time are strictly scheduled. He has recently been called on to fix the time of sermons preached by the court preachers. The edict is extremely revolutionary,—no discourse, by any possibility, can get beyond the "firstly," and some portions of that must be omitted, writes a correspondent:

"The Kaiser, who takes a strong personal interest in the conduct of church matters, has settled the important question as to how long a sermon should last. We have been grateful when let off with a fifty minutes' discourse heretofore. A few days ago he remarked to old Baron Mirbach that the court preachers were taking too much of his time, making their sermons too long. In reply to the Baron's question, what should he do, the Kaiser ordered that at the inauguration of Nazareth Church, which is to be made an event of great ceremony, the sermon should not last more than six minutes. The preacher was summoned to rehearse the sermon before Baron Mirbach and it was cut down to the stipulated time. The preachers are in despair, while the young aides-de-camp are delighted."

The Triumphs of Science.

ALUMINIUM slate-pencils are now made, they need no pointing and are well-nigh inexhaustible and unbreakable. The writing can be easily erased with a wet sponge.

WHEN the solar eclipse of April 16th comes on it will find the astronomers of the world quite ready for it. As it will have to last them for some years, being the last of the century, they are taking steps to get the most abundant results possible from it. Two expeditions leave England, one for Brazil and a second for Senegambia. There will also be a party of French astronomers in the same places and Americans in Chili and Peru. The striking feature about this eclipse is its duration, four minutes and forty-three seconds at the Brazil station, which is exceptionally long and gives unusual facilities for photography.

THE House of Commons is to be asked this session to sanction the construction of a bridge across the Straits of Dover, connecting England and France. Messrs. Scheidegger and Hersuit, Frenchmen, and Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker, engineers of the Forth bridge, are responsible for the latest designs, which provide for a bridge on the Cantilever principle, carrying a double line of rails with a clear headway underneath of two hundred feet. The bridge will consist of seventy-three spans, alternately of 1630 and 1310 feet, supported on seventy-two piers. The cost is estimated at \$163,750,000, and the period required for construction seven years.

How interesting is the account of that splendid gathering of scientists that recently met in London to do honor to Prof. Virchow. It is described as a "great tribute to the genius of the eminent German. Professor Huxley sat an eager listener, and all through the hall there were men whose names are known wherever civilization has a foothold."

Speaking of himself he said: "Happiness is not based upon the appreciation of others but on the consciousness of one's own honest labor. But even this is not always sufficient, for I have frequent moods of despondency and depression from which I find salvation in that habit of scientific work which always appeared to me as a recreation, even after wearying and useless efforts in political, social, and religious matters."

The lecture was a clear sketch of the stages through which the theory of medicine has passed. As soon as one nation stopped for a moment in the eager pursuit of science it was taken up with new ardor by some other country, so progress was continuous and the star of learning always burned brightly somewhere. Speaking about the last principle to be discovered, the principle of life, he said:

The speculations cropping up age after age about a vital principle are simply assertions in one language or another of the claims of the vast unknown. At each new generation men imagine for a moment that the enlargement of their horizon is infinite. Soon they discover that it leaves all the really great problems where they were and there probably follows a period of more or less paracelsian contemplation. From the cell to the atom is an almost inconceivable distance. But if even we could explore every inch of the way, the secret of life and the ultimate constitution of matter would equally continue to elude our grasp.

* * * * * Wherever

Life's ending may find me, yet then
The one fact of persistent endeavor
Shall give grace to its story. Amen.

—Robert Weeks.

HE who knows how to lead will be sure to be well followed.

SINCERE contradictions are often but two sides of the truth.

Contributed and Selected.

Huxley's Tribute to Tennyson.

GIB DIESEN TODTEN MIR HERATUS !*

(The Minister speaks.)

Bring me my dead !
To me that have grown,
Stone laid upon stone,
As the stormy brood
Of English blood
Has waxed and spread
And filled the world,
With sails unfurled ;
With men that may not lie ;
With thoughts that cannot die.

Bring me my dead !
Into the storied hall,
Where I have garnered all
My harvest without weed ;
My chosen fruits of goodly seed ;
And lay him gently down among
The men of state, the men of song,
The men that would not suffer wrong ;
The thought-worn chieftains of the mind ;
Head servants of the human kind.

Bring me my dead !
The autumn sun shall shed
Its beams athwart the bier's
Heaped blooms : a many tears
Shall flow ; his words, in cadence sweet and
strong,
Shall voice the full hearts of the silent
throng.

Bring me my dead !

And oh ! sad wedded mourner, seeking still
For vanished hand clasp ; drinking in thy
fill

Of holy grief ; forgive, that pious theft
Robs thee of all, save memories, left ;
Not thine to kneel beside the grassy mound
While dies the western glow ; and all
around

Is silence ; and the shadows closer creep
And whisper softly : All must fall asleep.

—T. H. Huxley in *Nineteenth Century*.
*Don Carlos.

The Swan-Songs of the Poets.

Nothing was more remarkable in connection with the press notices of the death of the late laureate, than the unanimity with which the critics seized upon his last published poem as an appropriate expression of the thoughts and feelings which animated the great singer in view of his approaching end.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark ;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark ;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and
Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Shelley's last great poem, "The Triumph of Life," written as he drifted in his boat near Casa Magni, over the blue waters of that bay in which he was so soon to find a grave, was left unfinished, the fragment closing abruptly with these words: "Then what is life? I cried;" a sentence which has been well said to be of profound significance when we remember that the questioner was about to seek its answer in the halls of death. The whole poem may be taken as symbolical of Shelley's own short and troubled life—an unanswered question, an unsolved riddle of the universe.

If we turn to Shelley's great contemporary, Byron, we find his last poem no less significant. It was written on the morning of January 22, 1824—his last birthday—at the fever-haunted Missolonghi, whither he had gone to take up the forlorn hope of liberty in Greece, with a presentiment that he would never return. The poem is too well known to need quotation; its most characteristic lines are these:—

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.

The hope the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain,
And power of love I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

Not less remarkable in its way is the "swan-song" of a minor poet, Arthur Hugh Clough, written in November, 1861, as he lay in his last illness at Florence, where he was so soon to find a grave beside the last resting-place of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Life was for him a struggle; his early faith was clouded by doubt; but his last words are full of faith in the victory of truth.

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be in yon smoke concealed
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And but for you possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow—how slowly;
But westward, look! the land is bright.

It is a sentiment very similar to this that Longfellow has given expression to in his last poem, "The Bells of San Blas," written on March 15, 1882. The bells are supposed to be saying in the ear of the poet—"the dreamer of dreams:—"

Oh, bring us back once more
The vanished days of yore,
When the world with faith was filled;
Bring back the fervid zeal,
The hearts of fire and steel,
The hands that believe and build.

Oh, bells of San Blas, in vain
Ye call back the past again;
The past is deaf to your prayer.
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

After Longfellow one naturally thinks of his countryman Whittier, the Quaker Poet, who so lately entered into rest. His last published poem was the touching tribute to Oliver Wendell Holmes on his last birthday, August 29.

Life is indeed no holiday: therein
Are want, and woe, and sin,
Death and its nameless fears; and over all
Our Pitying tears must fall.

The hour draws near, howe'er delayed or
late,
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call our
own,
And lift void hands alone
For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that gate no toll;
Giftless we come to Him who all things
gives,
And live because He lives.

Last of all we come to one who was the contemporary of our laureate, and the only name that was worthy to be put beside his—the heroic-souled Robert Browning. "Never say of me that I am dead," were his own words to a friend before he breathed his last in Venice. The epilogue to "Asolando," which forms his last published message to the world, breathes the same spirit. Did ever verses more vividly express the consciousness of a great mission, or more fitly embody a sublime faith in the continuance of the soul's existence?

One who never turned his back, but marched
breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
Wrong would triumph,

Held we fall to rise again; are baffled, to
fight better,
Sleep, to wake!

No! At noonday, in the bustle of men's work-
time,

Greet the unseen with a cheer;
Bid him forward, breast and back, as either
should be,

Strive and thrive, cry "Speed; fight on; fare
ever
There, as here."

It reads as if the poet had written his own epitaph.

—The Gentlemen's Magazine.

Great Britain's Welcome to Miss Willard.

Remarkable as has been the power of our transatlantic friends to attract immense audiences and awaken British enthusiasm, none perhaps, John B. Gough and Dwight L. Moody not excepted, have evoked more universal interest or received a greater ovation than has Miss Frances E. Willard during her three months' stay in England.

There is perhaps no better gauge of the state of public sentiment towards a cause or an individual than the attitude of an Exeter Hall audience. This famous auditorium has been so long the battle ground of all religious movements and reforms, that to the accustomed eyes of its habitues the unprecedented character of that assembly was a marvel. Even in the City of London it is not difficult to rally the adherents of a single reform, but to convene fifty distinct lines of religious, philanthropic and reformatory work is something which, so far as I know, has never before occurred in the greatest metropolis of the world.

On the huge platform were seated men and women whose names are household words throughout the English-speaking race—members of Parliament, dignitaries of the church, and ladies of society, side by side with the leaders of the labor movement and the Salvation Army.—A delegation appointed from the Methodist church, the Baptist, the Congregational, the Society of Friends, elbowed Canons of the Established church, and temperance leaders of the Catholic hierarchy; while the chief Jewish Rabbi sent a congratulatory letter and signed the address of welcome which was also attested by three hundred local Unions of the British Women's Temperance Association.

The speakers, twelve in number, were each one equal to filling Exeter Hall in the strength of individual reputation; but they gladly limited their speeches to five minutes each, rejoicing to be among those who did honor to the distinguished guests whom the crowds had assembled to greet in numbers so large that the tickets could have been sold twice over, and some fortunate possessors more sordid than enthusiastic, were disposing of them at three times their original value at the entrance where they were eagerly purchased,—even for the overflow meeting which had speedily to be organized, so great were the crowds demanding entrance.

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which the speaker of the evening was greeted. The vast audience rose with a cheer on their lips, and waving white handkerchief in hand, —and for several minutes the expression of their admiration seemed as though it would never subside. A thrill of pleasure comes to our hearts when one is thus recognized who has toiled so long and patiently for others' weal, for it is good indeed, to pour out the fragrance of our welcome, affection and praise, and place our tribute in the warm clasp of living hands rather than lay it on the cold marble of a tomb.

After such a greeting as has been described, it was not an easy task to organize a demonstration worthy to be compared with that of Exeter Hall; but the United Kingdom Alliance, the strongest temperance society in Great Britain, proved equal to the undertaking. Five thousand persons assembled on consecutive evenings in the great Free Trade Hall in Manchester,—the second city in England—and the headquarters of the Alliance. Canon Wilberforce and Sir Wilfred Lawson were the Chairmen.

Similar demonstrations have been held in Charrington's great hall in the heart of the East-end of London, in Liverpool where Miss Willard was welcomed by the Women's Liberal Federation—in Birmingham and Leeds, Nottingham and Sunderland, and in St. James's Hall, London,—by invitation of the indefatigable Rev. Hugh Price Hughes on Temperance Sunday.

The Methodist churches of London, not to be outdone, have already given a social reception to the most prominent figure among Methodist women of America, and on the 27th of February they are to accord her a formal public greeting in John Wesley's famous City Road Chapel.

Scotland has added her quota to the Universal enthusiasm, and indeed in the judgment of some of our temperance workers has exceeded perhaps in demonstrating a more expressive sympathy in harmony with their well known national hospitality. St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, which accommodates 5,000 persons, was packed on the evening of January 29th, and the great Synod hall in Edinburgh witnessed the remarkable exhibition of the presentation of a testimonial by Dr. Blaikie of the University, signed by the official representatives of every denomination in Scotland, together with the testimonials of each of the national temperance societies.

A more notable instance of the result of Miss Willard's life mission could not be instanced than such a recognition from this most conservative body of christians who have for so long resisted the work and influence of women. It is however no matter of wonder that the work and worth of Frances Willard should have been thus recognized in the mother country; for wherever the temperance cause has a champion, wherever the cause of social purity has an exponent, whenever the labor movement lifts up its voice, whenever woman, with the sunlight of the glad new day upon her face, stretches forth her hands to God, there her name is loved, cherished, and revered. Tried by a jury of her peers, "she is a fair opponent, she is a kindly comrade," as Lincoln said, she has "firmness in the right as God gives her to see the right," and moves along her chosen path "with malice toward none and charity for all." From that more august and perhaps impartial jury, beyond the circle of reform, comes the verdict, prophetic of that which history shall one day record, "she made the world wider for woman, and happier for humanity." We know that America owes her greatness to the sterling worth of those intrepid Puritan pioneers who were the best gift of the old world to the new. So Frances Willard, who has in her veins that pure New England blood, owes to her ancestry much of the strength and courage that must ever be the basis of a reformer's character. That enthusiasm for humanity which characterizes Frances Willard's work was breathed into her active mind by her mother born and bred in the great free-soil state of the north, whose delight it was to teach her little girl to read from the "Slave's Friend." What wonder that in after years one of the greatest achievements of Frances Willard's life was her mis-

sion of reconciliation to the women of the south, while yet the scars of war throbbed in their breasts, and new-made graves stretched wide between sections that had learned the misery of hatred. It was the white ribbon taken by her tender hands that bound those wounds and gently drew the noble hearted women of that sunny land into the hospitable home circle of the W. C. T. U. Sacrifice is the foundation of all real success, and it was a crucial moment in Miss Willard's life when she resigned the brilliant position of Dean of the first Women's College connected with a university in America, and went out, penniless, alone, and unheralded, because her spirit had caught the rhythm of the women's footsteps as they bridged the distance between the home and the saloon in the Pentecostal days of the temperance crusade. She has relinquished that which women hold the dearest, the sacred, sheltered life of home. Around her hearth no children wait to greet her. But she has lost that life only to find it again ten thousand fold. She has understood the mystery of the wider circle of love and loyalty, and the world is her home as truly as John Wesley said it was his "parish." She has understood the diviner motherhood that claims the orphaned hearts of humanity as her heritage, and a chorus of children's voices round the world cherish and hail her name, for "organized mother love" is the best definition of the W. C. T. U. Well may we say in the words of our great poet.

"Live and take comfort, thou wilt leave behind
Powers that shall work for thee,
Earth, air and skies,
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee, thou
Hast great allies:
Thy friends are exaltations, agonies and love,
And man's unconquerable mind."

ISABEL SOMERSET.

Feb. 6th. Eastnor Castle.

Aspects of Tennyson.

A notable thing was his comparative indifference to music as a separate art; it almost seemed as if the extreme fineness of his hearing was too fine for the enjoyment of its usual intervals and effects and craved the subtler and multitudinous distinctions and inflections and variations of sound, which only the instrument of language can produce. Certainly I hardly ever knew him to care greatly for any "setting" of his own songs, which he justly felt had already their own music that was confused by the "setting." It is curious that Browning, whose music is so rare in his verse, was a masterly musician outside of it, while Tennyson, whose every line was music, cared so little for it except in poetry. He especially loved to speculate freely on theological and metaphysical subjects.

He formulated once and quite deliberately his own religious creed in these words: "There is a something that watches over us; and our individuality endures; that's my faith, and that's all my faith." This he said with such a calm emphasis that I wrote it down (with the date) exactly and at once. But he was by no means always so calm. His belief in personal immortality was passionate—I think almost the strongest passion that he had. I have heard him thunder out against an opponent of it: "If there be a God that has made the earth and put this hope and passion into us, it most fore-show the truth." If it be not true, then no God, but a mocking fiend, created us, and" (growing crimson with excitement) "I'd shake my fist in his almighty face, and tell him that I cursed him! I'd sink my head to-night in a chloroformed handkerchief and have done with it all."

To one who said, "My dearest object in life, when at my best, is to leave the world, by however little, better than I found it—what is yours?" he answered: "My greatest wish is to have a clearer vision of God."

JAMES KNOWLES in *Nineteenth Century*.

Church Door Pulpit.

Newness of Life.

EASTER SERMON BY REV. PERRY MARSHALL.

"Like as Christ was raised from the dead we also should walk in newness of life."—Rom. 6:4.

Mark, the most primitive of the four gospels, and therefore the most trustworthy, tells us that the Marys came to the tomb of Jesus, Sunday, "at the rising of the sun." Matthew may mean the same when it says, they came "as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week." But the fourth gospel says they came "while it was yet dark," which evidently could not be "at the rising of the sun." We read, too, that the first witness was "Mary Magdalene out of whom he had cast seven demons;" or who had suffered seven attacks of temporary insanity.

From Matthew 27:62-66, we learn that the stone, the seal and the guard were not placed at the sepulchre until "the next day that followed the day of the preparation," or one day after his death. From these facts, and others which I care not to rehearse, no wonder some have concluded that a literal resurrection of his body did not occur; and that with the silent, the prudent and the loving Nicodemus, perished all that we shall ever know of that dear lacerated body. And they would celebrate Easter, not because of the dawn of life in the flesh; but because of the spiritual life he had lived, which is of vastly more importance.

We who would maintain a Nature religion have an especial claim upon this Easter Day, as the earth at this time begins to put forth its green and to blossom with newness of life. It is a Nature festival; and well we do to rejoice and sing.

In the physical world we apply the word "life" to those beings which undergo waste and repair. We do not say of oxygen or carbon, of quartz or silica that they live, though their every atom is subject to the "laws" of chemical affinity. Nor do we apply the term life to the force which unites atoms to form molecules, and which unites molecules to form crystals. Yet perhaps it were proper so to apply it.

The lowest substance said to *live* is the single cell, known as egg-cell.

This cell consists of two essential parts: a nucleus containing within itself a nucleolus, and surrounded by an albuminous substance called protoplasm, or first form. This albuminous substance, which varies slightly from that of the nucleolus, a semi-solid substance, is a compound of carbon containing a few atoms of nitrogen. The cell may, or may not, have an enclosing membrane, according to the degree of its development. This cell may be regarded as the unit of life. There is a class of animals and plants called Protista, which are single-celled beings through life. Their organism consists solely of one cell.

There is an organism still slightly lower. The class is known as Monera, or first organisms. These cytods are living beings, consisting of a single atom of albuminous substance called plasmion, or plasma, which is not differentiated into nucleus and protoplasm, by which it would become a cell. So fine is the gradation from non-life into life. These single-celled beings, Protista, are living creatures which move

about, nourish themselves, and, by division and subdivision, reproduce their kind. This class of beings has existed millions of ages, and from such all higher organisms, both animal and vegetable, have been derived by evolutionary processes. The fungi, the lichen and the oak, the mollusk, the annulate animal, fishes, birds, quadrupeds, quadrumana and man, all have this common origin. The embryonic life of the individual man, like that of the beings below him, is known to begin with this single cell life, and in its development to pass through the actual forms of other animals. At first a mere cell, like the beings known as Protista, *protos* first, later it is a fish with paddles, not arms, after which it becomes an amphibian, passing through the form of tadpole and higher stages of vertebrate animals, till at last it attains the form of man. At the sixth month the soft hair with which it is covered, together with the form of the brain, indicates its likeness to the anthropoids.

Every individual man in his embryonic state is an epitomization of the history of the race in its evolution from the lowest to the highest form of life.

Many eons before man appeared on this globe, another kind of cell was evolved; the nerve cell; the physical basis of mental activity. Though but a single cell it is complex in its structure, almost beyond description. Its filaments alone have been compared to the wires which enter a telegraph office. But those many wires hardly begin in number with the countless filaments of a single nerve cell, of a ganglion or of the brain. And the many clerks in that office represent less manifold duties than are carried on in that single cell, by the granulated protoplasm. Yet to trace those filaments requires the highest powers of the microscope. "This nerve cell, long before the upper end of the spinal column had enlarged into a brain, and long before man existed, practically possessed the power to feel, to think and to will." The ganglia and nerve centers of organisms with or without brain, preside over no less wonderful work than that of digestion, absorption and assimilation; and manifold muscular movements, and countless other processes. Nor will it be convenient to convey any adequate conception of that highest of all organisms, the brain itself, made up of these wonderful cells, which cannot be numbered, and the destruction of which is the destruction of intellectual and moral activity.

The animal and vegetable kingdoms approach each other by regular and almost insensible gradations. The sponge, formerly called a vegetable, is now classed as an animal. And the bacteria, of which we hear much, formerly classed as animals, are now regarded as vegetable.

Just such is the shading, too, between the vegetable and mineral worlds, and also between life and not life. All these classifications, and those of the different species, are more or less arbitrary.

What is this life by which a being undergoes change of itself, while still preserving its individuality? Shall we call it spirit? Through the influences of advances by which finer knowledge has been reached, "the rude term, spirit, like the ruder term, ghost, has been exchanged for the finer word, force. So that now even in theological schools, we may hear the phrase, vital force, for spirit."

Raising the body to newness of life is not wholly unworthy of our thought to-day. It is said that in the last thirty years, the average length of human life has increased six and one-half per cent, and doubled in the last two hundred years. This is due to

the fact that some have given thought to the body, and found a way to prevent such death scourges as small pox and cholera, and found the causes of typhoid, diphtheria and other mortal maladies. Does it not look as if the story of Methuselah is prophecy in the form of history?

But bodily life is not our only thought to-day. The surface of the the brain has quadrupled in extent during that period of human life known as civilization. This would lead us to expect great growth in intellectual and moral life. Of the former I will only speak a little as for logical completeness. The great achievement of the first half of the present millennium, many think, was the discovery of America.

The great event of the second half occurred in 1859, when the world's greatest naturalist published "The Origin of Species, by Charles Darwin"; by which the thinking of the world was revolutionized. Amazing has been the progress in cosmic thought since June twenty-second, 1633. On that day, the great astronomer of his time, Galileo, Extraordinary Mathematician of Florence, was compelled by cruel churchly conservatism, to recant the teaching of the Copernican system, and was sentenced to incarceration for life in one of the dungeons of the Inquisition; "though he was seventy years of age and beset by many infirmities and was stone blind." But he had already given newness of life to astronomy by the telescope which he had invented, which instrument now sweeps beyond the heavens of the ancient gods, and unveils a universe across which light cannot travel in a hundred million years, though swift enough to girdle the globe eight times while the clock ticks once. Before the faces of Galileo and of Darwin, the old heavens and the old sheol fled away.

With new knowledge of the universe and its laws, or modes of action, comes also the possibility of better moral life. To do the greatest good for the greatest number and for the longest time, is the highest holiness. And to do that good, we need to know what forces are in motion and how to use them. So with the new knowledge of these new days, we ought to walk in newness of moral life. Our patience and our love ought to be larger toward those who are beneath us, if such there be, as well as toward those who are above us. Our purity ought to be more perfect, and our homes the happier, childhood should be made more cheerful, and old age, we ought to gladden.

And will not even common honesty bear a little more of our attention? There are lines in life where we do not think of being strictly honest. A horse which is never lame when working, limps a little after resting. The owner wants to sell him. He bids the buyer come to-morrow morning; but is careful to use the horse awhile at early ploughing. The buyer sees no blemish, nor discovers any lameness, and he pays the owner's price, a sound one. Which one of you would not sell so? You need not rise. You would not like to stand alone, to be viewed for your principles. We ought to walk in newness of moral life. In whatever way we serve our fellows, we should strive to become indispensable; and to render more than we receive. Who would be great among us, should remember, that he is greatest who will serve the most. The world has thought him greatest, who could receive the most of service; who could turn most channels to himself. The newer life will say, with him of Nazareth, he is greatest who can give most service, who can draw most channels from, and not unto, himself. Capacity to receive the most, the world has

crowned as greatest; but power to produce and give the most, must in the newer thought be held the greatest. And who walks in this highway, will walk in newness of life.

And we shall be immortal. In other lives when we are dead ours will reappear, for good or ill. Not in our offspring only, shall we live again; but in every life which will feel a ripple from our own. No force is lost; and when that which holds our bodies now, shall be released, and re-enters the infinite ocean of being whence it came to be individualized in us, in other words, "returns to God who gave it," still we shall be living on, in the effects produced in others.

Socrates and Jesus live to-day in the thought they awaken, and in the good they arouse. Our lives may be but a ripple in the great ocean of human life, but it never can be lost.

I would not teach that we should walk in newness of life chiefly with hope of future reward. Lessing said, "The appeal to unearthly rewards and punishments, is, after all, an appeal to our lower feelings. Other worldliness is but a refined selfishness. We are to cherish virtue for its own sake, and not because it will lead to heaven."

Prof. Fiske quotes Mohammed Effendi as saying, when led to the stake, "Though I have no hope of recompense hereafter, yet the love of truth constraineth me to die in its defense." Emerson, the great American teacher of holiness, wrote, "It is strange that Jesus is esteemed by mankind the bringer of the doctrine of immortality. He is never once weak or sentimental; he is very abstemious of explanation; he never preaches personal immortality; whilst Plato and Cicero both allowed themselves to overstep the stern limits of the spirit, and gratify the people with that picture. * * Jesus living in the moral sentiments, heeding only the manifestations of these, never uttered a syllable concerning the duration of immortality. It was left to his disciples to sever duration from moral elements and to teach the immortality of the soul as a doctrine. * * * The moment the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is separately taught, man is fallen * * The questions which we lust to ask about the future are a confession of sin. God has no answer for them * * Of immortality the soul, when well employed, is incurious. 'Tis a higher thing, to confide that if it is best we should live, we shall live. 'Tis higher to have this conviction than to have the lease of indefinite centuries and eons. Higher than the question of our duration, is the question of our deserving."

Here Emerson himself as teacher, reaches a summit as lofty as Everest of the Himalayas, as commanding as Sinai of the wilderness, and as wonderful as Tabor of Galilee. Deserving higher than duration! Do not say, "It is too high, I cannot attain unto it." "If ye then be risen with him," "walk in the newness of life."

WHILE adverse circumstances seem to present a formidable front, if boldly met, the sinews are toughened by the contest. The ablest pupils graduate from the school of adversity. The rough Atlantic seas make the toughest and most skillful mariners in the world.—*The Myrtle*.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why then is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart.—*Victor Hugo*.

THE habitation of danger is on the borders of security.

Correspondence.

A Deeper Plunge into the Problem.

I am glad I have a chance to make it, and I owe sincere gratitude to the "American Citizen" from Pierce City, Mo., for giving me the chance. He is quite right when he says, that I "hardly made a full presentation of the case," that is, of the Immigration Question: I was afraid that by proving too much, I might not prove anything, that by speaking of a deeper problem involved I might distract from the duty nearest at hand; the granting of full liberty. For this, let me say it once more, since I may not have impressed my point clearly enough before, this is the simple principle which must guide us in whatever wanderings through the field of Immigration we care to make, full, absolute liberty. We often say that we, *i. e.*, the American nation, have a perfect right to do so and so! Perfect right, indeed! If only power, physical power, could be identified with right. We have the power to shut the gates against the neighbors' boys, but the right? No, and again no. For right is something higher than even the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, right, is the will of God. And if now the Immigration question becomes a matter of right or wrong, *i. e.*, if it refers us directly to the will of God, there can be no doubt that, *the land being God's* we have no right to prevent any of God's children from casting their lot with us. There must then be absolute liberty in this matter. But a liberty which is neither encouraging nor preventive, a non-interfering liberty. The idea of a government (no matter how paternal it be, for that is only assumption) either refusing or bestowing land, land which is not man's but is God's, will in time come to be looked upon as *naively* arrogant.

But let me guard against all misapprehension. If I advocate a *laissez-faire* policy in this matter, I do so only as respects our national legislature or executive powers. It is not a matter of government interference, either favorable or antagonistic. However—in so far as it concerns our common brotherhood, it is a matter of personal interest to each individual. True, we have no right to say to our European brethren: you must come, or you must not come, but we do have a right, and more than a right, a holy duty, to advise as best we can, to speak encouragingly of American conditions as compared to those in Europe, or to dissuade intended migration because poverty and misery are here no less common than there. If, as the "American Citizen," we are convinced that it is "time to call a halt," we must not look toward Washington for a commander to speak the word—we must do all we can, by authentic reports concerning the sad conditions in the United States or otherwise, to dissuade emigration. But even the "American Citizen" must not wonder if immigration goes on, because they can hardly realize how Eden-like this country is, notwithstanding all its enormous drawbacks, compared to many of the European countries.

But it would not do to pass by the "enormous drawbacks" in a little subordinate clause. And it is for pointing to those very drawbacks, for suggesting the underlying evil of the Immigration Question, that my gratitude is due to the "American Citizen" from Pierce City, Mo. And if I had not feared lest by proving too much I might not prove anything, I certainly would have named this underlying evil before, to say the least.

It is a well-known economical maxim that Land, Labor and Capital are

the three requisites of production. Now, if the Land and the Capital are in the hands of a few (and Mrs. Mary E. Lease is authority for the statement that of our city-citizens three-fourths live in rented houses and that half of the remaining fourth live in mortgaged homes, while the same, if not more so, seems to be true of the country-citizens) it becomes clear that Labor can only get what little of production the beneficence of Land and Capital is willing to let go of. Ah well, it will not do to exaggerate. But is it not a fact that land-monopoly must and does compel poor humanity to crowd together in as limited a territory as it is well possible for man to live in, eighteen men and seven girls in a low room 38x23, for instance, as in one of the Chicago sweating shops? And if we allow a monopoly of one of the three requisites of production, is it to be wondered at that even in a country so rich in natural resources as ours, there is an ever-growing complaint of scarcity and hard times? Is it to be wondered at that under such conditions people begin to clamor selfishly that we must not let any more "European paupers" come in, for fear there will not be left anything for themselves. Is it to be wondered at that under such conditions people make the ridiculous claim of over-population in America (U. S.) where there are only seventeen persons to the square mile, while Belgium has 535 (Chautauquan for February)? And if land-monopoly (private ownership of land) is the underlying evil in this as in so many, if not all other questions, is it not time that we should speak of it without reserve and look for the remedy? We preach against the enslaving habits of the body, drinking, smoking, etc. When are we going to take hold of the other end, and change for the better conditions which make men forget their misery in liquor or unholy passion? Will no one answer?

F. W. N. HUGENHOLTZ, JR.

HILLSIDE, WIS.

A Historical Correction.

TO THE EDITOR OF UNITY:—In a notice of Whitney's "Life of Lincoln," the *Nation* of February 16 asserts that the Republican platform of 1856 and 1860 "were built with the materials" of Webster's speech of March 7, 1850. A like statement is made by Mr. Chadwick in *UNITY* in a recent notice of the History of the United States, by James F. Rhodes, in which he says: "The Republican party of 1856 and 1860 cordially accepted the compromise of 1850, the Fugitive Slave Bill included, and slavery in the District of Columbia." These are very surprising statements. One of the compromises of 1850 abandoned the Wilmot Proviso by providing for the admission of New Mexico and Utah as states with or without slavery as their people might determine, thus paving the way for the repeal of the Missouri compromise, the border ruffian invasion of Kansas, and the Dred Scott decision, which naturally followed as the outcropping and counterpart of these movements. But the platform of 1856 and 1860 not only demanded the prohibition of slavery in these territories by act of Congress, but further declared that "neither Congress, nor the people of a territory, nor any individual or association of individuals, can give legal existence to slavery in any territory of the United States." The territorial question in all its phases was thus emphatically met, and the demands of the slaveholders denied.

Another of these compromises gave the country a new fugitive slave law, which the Seventh of March speech

declared should be obeyed by the people of the free states "with alacrity." It is true that the platform of 1856 and 1860 did not demand its repeal. But neither did they approve it. Had the indorsement of that law been insisted upon by the Republicans of 1856, the formation of the Republican party of that year would have been impossible. Charles Sumner, Salmon P. Chase and the other famous Free-soil leaders who were the fathers of the party, would have spurned it, and they are dishonored by the imputation that they thus abased themselves.

Another of these measures was the Texas boundary bill, which surrendered to Texas and to slavery a vast domain to which she had no title whatever, and paid her besides ten millions of dollars to which she had no better right than to the lands. It was a monstrous piece of legislative robbery which the greed of slavery demanded, and it was carried through Congress by political corruption. To say that the Republican party of 1856 and 1860 approved of this measure, and that its platforms were built with such "materials" is to defame the founders of that party and belie the well-known facts of history.

Another of these compromises provided for the admission of California as a free state, which was done, and thus made irrevocable. It was never thought of as the basis of a new party, nor was the remaining act of this series of compromises, which pretended to abolish the slave traffic in the District of Columbia. All these measures, which Mr. Webster espoused in his great speech, were designed as a *final settlement* of the slavery agitation, while the Republican party of 1856 reopened that agitation and never intermitted it till slavery was destroyed.

GEORGE W. JULIAN.

The Study Table.

The under-mentioned books will be mailed, postage free, upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

The Beginning: A Romance of Chicago as it Might Be. With Introductory Letters by Hon. Hempstead Washburn, Dr. H. W. Thomas, Judge Futhill, Judge Kohlsaat and Prof. Swing. Charles H. Kerr & Co., 350 Dearborn street, Chicago. Pp. 126. Paper, 25 cents.

This work contains a good deal of bright thought with suggestions of a practical nature that are valuable. The education of the children intellectually and morally in connection with the government is a subject to which special prominence is given, as is the education and the rights of the masses against merely the rights of classes. There will be difference of opinion as to the way of raising money to support the education of the children upon which the author insists with great force. The story itself is interesting, the spirit of the writer being optimistic. He regards the social problem as one of the greatest importance and the work is plainly entitled to the praise which it receives from the persons whose names are mentioned as writers of the introductory letters. Mr. Kerr has done the public a service in bringing out this timely and valuable little book. *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to *UNITY* for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of *UNITY* will receive further notice.

The Safe Side. A Theistic Refutation of the Divinity of Christ. Revised and enlarged. By Richard M. Mitchell. New York and 12 Sherman street, Chicago: Richard M. Mitchell. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 475. \$1.50.

The Gospel of Paul. By Charles Carroll Everett, D. D. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 307. \$1.50.

Tools and the Man. By Washington Gladden. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 308. \$1.25.

Fair Shadow Land. By Edith M. Thomas. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 130. \$1.25.

The Roman Catholic Question. By Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott. New York: The Christian Union Co. Pamphlet, pp. 22. Ten cents.

Notes from the Field.

Woman's Western Unitarian Conference.—The meeting of the Religious Council under the auspices of the W. W. U. C., at Athens, Mich., on March 21 and 22, was a success in spite of several disappointing changes in the program. F. L. Hosmer filled the vacancy occasioned by Mr. Jones' absence and the presence of our new friend, Mr. Aunks, made up for some other disappointments. Mila F. Tupper, as well as Ida C. Hultin, president of the Conference, combined to make the various meetings very acceptable to the Athens friends who are making a brave struggle, without church or settled minister, to not only hold their members but to grow into a strong and assured organization. The prospect of a permanent pastor is already inspiring them to more and more zeal for the cause they have struggled for through several years. The Sherwood dedication following the Athens meeting will be spoken of more fully elsewhere. Following this special service the visiting ministers spent one day at Sturges with Rev. G. W. Buckley, who gave them a most cordial welcome to his freshly decorated church. Mr. Forbush joined the party here on his return from Boston: An afternoon session of three excellent papers, read respectively by Mr. Hosmer, Miss Tupper and Mr. Forbush, was followed in the evening by a platform meeting where Mr. Aunks and Miss Hultin assisted the previous speakers in providing a most interesting symposium on the "Coming Church." Mr. Buckley's society is made up of many varying shades of free thought, and its services are held in a substantial edifice of brick built thirty-four years ago by a society of Spiritualists, and still owned by them. At that early date it was dedicated to the use of free speech whether agreeing with their own thought or otherwise.

Sherwood, Mich.—The new house of Unity Church was dedicated on Thursday afternoon, March 23rd. An excellent order of service had been arranged by Rev. Ida C. Hultin, under whose preaching the Sherwood church was first organized, and who has never quite ceased to stand in the place of minister to it. Rev. J. L. Jones would have preached the sermon, but was detained at home by illness, and Miss Hultin very fittingly filled this place. The report of the Building Committee was given by the chairman, Mr. Seymour. The whole cost was covered by about \$1600. Mr. Seymour reported the sum of \$134 still to be raised, but this was to cover the cost of furnace and other equipments yet to be put in. More than this needed amount was raised at once. Brief addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Aunks, recently of the (orthodox) Congregationalist Fellowship, who has preached several times in Sherwood and Athens, and who is desired as minister of the joint congregations, by Rev. Mila F. Tupper and by Rev. F. L. Hosmer. The hymns were by Samuel Longfellow, Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Hosmer. The special act of dedication was a very beautiful and appropriate service by minister (Miss Hultin) and people. The building is a neat frame, low-walled, with broad bays on either side forming gables that project from the main roof-line in transept form. It will seat at least 225; for fully that number were present from the village and neighboring country. No money has been wasted in toyspires. There is a dignity and a beauty about the simple and inexpensive building which is lacking in many a more expensive structure. A social banquet was held in the evening, followed by brief and pleasant addresses from members of the society and visiting friends. It is to be hoped that Mr. Aunks may continue to shepherd this earnest flock and the one at Athens, seven miles away.

The Twin Cities, Minn.—The First Unitarian Church of Minneapolis is having a revival. Their congregations are no larger, nor more appreciative, than they have been from the beginning of Mr. Simmons' ministry, but there has been a greater effort on the part of the society to second the work of the pastor. The Woman's Club and Young Men's Guild have with their social meetings put new life in the church. The Sunday-school has reorganized with two hundred in number. Unity Club continues its always thorough work. This year the Club has taken subjects connected with the early history of America.

Unity Church, St. Paul, has increasing congregations and the Monday Pioneer Press, printing Mr. Crothers' sermons in full, carries his gospel over this part of the North-west. St. Paul breathes more freely now that Mr. Crothers has once more returned from Boston, unshaken in his loyalty to the North-west, by the allurements of the "stronghold of Unitarianism."

The Liberal Union of Minnesota women is bringing together the women of the Universalist and Unitarian churches in the two cities. Its object is the discussion of religious questions, and to promote fellowship among these churches. There is much enthusiasm manifested. The next meeting is to be held in the Church of the Redeemer, Minneapolis. Mrs. Alice Ames Winter is to read a paper upon "Moral Teaching in the Public Schools."

Cleveland, O.—Unity Church has extended a call to Rev. Marion Murdock and Miss Florence E. Buck to be associate ministers, their ministry to begin next September, and there is every reason to think that the call will be accepted. These two ladies, as UNITY readers are aware, have been pursuing their studies the past year at Manchester New College, Oxford. Miss Murdock is well known in the Western Conference field, having been ordained over the church in Humboldt, Ia., in 1885. After resigning her pastorate there she was associated one year with Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett in Kalamazoo, and then returned to the Meadville Theological School for a course of advanced study. At the same time her friend, Miss Buck, who had been a very successful and much valued teacher in the High School in Kalamazoo, decided to enter the ministry and accompanied Miss Murdock to Meadville. After a year of study here the two crossed the ocean to pursue their studies at Oxford. They will return to this country in the coming summer and, if the hopes of the Cleveland friends are realized, will enter in September upon the work to which they have been called. It has been their wish and intention to work in an associate pastorate, for which they are said to be admirably adapted both by their "differences of gifts" and their intimate friendship. During their year at Oxford they have held high rank in their studies. They will find most hearty welcome on their return to the West; and if the Cleveland call is accepted, they will find in that city an intelligent and friendly constituency, and a field worthy their joint labors and the fine spirit and training which they will bring.

Southern Unitarian Conference.—The churches of the Southern Unitarian Conference will hold their annual meeting this year in New Orleans, La., on Wednesday and Thursday, April 12, and 13. Rev. Walter C. Pierce will be installed as minister of the New Orleans church at the same time. Rev. W. W. Fenn, of Chicago, will preach the Conference and Installation sermon on the evening of April 12. Subjects of great interest not only to the Southern Conference, but to our church at large, will be discussed. All friends of the cause are invited to attend these meetings.

The Committee on Fellowship of the National Unitarian Conference requests the following announcement in our columns:

NEW YORK, March 8, 1893.

The Rev. J. F. Howard, late of the Universalist ministry, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry; and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman*.
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary*.

NEW YORK, March 8, 1893.

The Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford, late of the Congregationalist ministry, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry; and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman*.
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary*.

The last regular meeting of the branch of the W. W. U. C. will be held at Oak Park Thursday April 6. Lunch will be served at 12:30, and the usual literary exercises will commence at 1:30 o'clock, when Mrs. C. P. Woolley will read a paper on "Modern Unitarianism."

SOPHIE H. BADGER, *Sec'y*.

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Sun.—We feel the thing we ought to be, beating beneath the thing we are.
Mon.—The only way to get rid of your past is to get a future out of it.
Tues.—Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent.
Wed.—We need an earnest use of what we have now.
Thurs.—Get the pattern of your life from God, and then go about your work and be yourself.
Fri.—The desire of our life must be that the soul in doing its duty, may become capable of receiving and uttering God.

—Phillips Brooks.

Awaking.

Now Nature dons her best attire,
 And streams are loosened with the fire
 Rekindled by the sun;
 They haste adown the glen with glee,
 And, glad that they again are free,
 Make music as they run.

The flowers are pushing through the sod,
 Commissioned messengers of God
 To usher in the spring.
 The birds come flocking to the north
 Sending a joyful greeting forth,—
 What offering shall I bring?

I too will join the happy throng,
 Pour out my soul in grateful song;
 The feast of Nature keep,—
 Happy again now winter's dearth
 Has vanished, and the rested earth
 Awakened from its sleep.

—J. W. H.

Sport Without a Gun.

I was once standing at a railway station in Canada, when the winter was just relaxing its icy grasp. Masses of snow were still banked in the fence corners, but here and there the grass was to be seen, the sun was shining and every one stood out-of-doors basking in its warm beams and apparently reflecting joyfully that soon the long siege of cold would be over, and leaves and flowers would enrich the landscape with color and fragrance. Yet what a shallow and ineffective veneer upon the character this gentler mood proved to be! At that moment a bird came flying over the desolate fields, caroling its sweet greeting, and perched upon the telegraph wire.

"Oh, there's a bluebird!" exclaimed a half-grown youth to his companion, "let's kill it!" He stooped for a stone, and when I shouted, "Drop that!" all the people stared in amazement.

What sort of a disposition must those boys have had who were eager to kill the first bluebird of spring in a winter beset region? And what shall be said of the grown and presumably sensible people who saw no reason or were too weak-kneed to protest?

What can be more sportive or sportsmanlike, or more exciting and enjoyable, than the search of a botanist for some rare plant, with the constant surprises that greet his observant eye, and the eager watch and hope for others? The naturalist needs no gun for his enjoyment, and only to a small extent for his work. As he ranges the woods with opera-glass, note-book, and collecting-boxes, his hours are full of amusement, his faculties are alert, and his mind is as pleasantly occupied as if he must kill everything he sees in order to satisfy the savagery left in him from the childhood of the race, or the more artificial and meaner feeling of rivalry with some other sportsman who has made a big bag. "There was a time,"

says the author of a recent and delightful book of English rambles ("Within an Hour of London Town,") "before I knew better, when I thought the gun was necessary to make a man acquainted with wild creatures; but the destructive spirit has left me now; both gun and fishing-rod have been laid aside."

These are only hints or suggestions of the enjoyment reserved for him who leaves his gun at home; and he will find that instead of losing he has gained, for, if really he be the "true sportsman" he vaunts himself, he can not but feel a twinge of shame whenever some innocent creature yields its life in agony, that he may experience a momentary thrill of savage triumph. To-day he argues or crushes down these troublesome thoughts of self-reproach and sympathy; but having laid aside his gun, he will by and by come to perceive that it is better to let his nobler instincts prevail, and will conclude that the truest sportsman is he that is true to himself.—*Ernest Ingersoll, in Our Animal Friends.*

Intuition of Immortality.

A funeral occurred on our street the other day. Five year old Ernest, to whom death was, until then, wholly unfamiliar, came in quivering with excitement over the unknown mystery. "It is a little old grandma," he said. "She used to walk along the street. She was so old, and wrinkled, and bent, not much taller than me," he continued, straightening himself to his full height. "What made her die, and why did they put her in a box and bury her in the ground?" Then as a new light dawned across his mind, he inquired, "Mamma, when people die do they grow again?" M. R. H.

The Chicken.

Three long weeks had the mother hen
 Sat on her nest in the hay;
 Now she turns her eggs with tender care
 For the chickens will hatch to-day.

Little chick in the egg is not very old,
 Of course, he's not very wise;
 And he views what little life he's had,
 With discontented surprise.

"Surely this is not my proper sphere;
 I've no more room to grow!
 I, a chicken with wings and feet—
 To be cramped in a hard shell so!

"Of what possible use are beak and eyes
 To me doubled up like a ball?
 'Tis torture to know that I have the things
 When I cannot use them at all.

"Never was any creature, I'm sure,
 So sorely fettered and pressed."
 How should he know that a dozen more
 Lay under his mother's breast?

His murmurings end with a lusty peck
 At the shell which holds him fast,
 When, lo! the wondrous light breaks in,
 And he finds himself free at last.

Balancing on his feeble claws,
 He gazes above and below,—
 "Was it for such a world as this
 That I was shut up to grow?"

He nestled under his mother's wing,
 Thinking little enough, I ween,
 That her love had hovered him all the while
 With only a shell between.

And so, dear friends, when things are wrong,
 And seem to go ill—not well;
 Just think of the love that is brooding o'er all
 And wait till you've chipped your shell.

—Ella Talbot.

It does n't make a small man any bigger to lift him up.

Culture cannot destroy sin. All it can do is to hide it.

Essentials of Character.

V.

SINCERITY.

"Let us then be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things keep ourselves loyal to truth."

ITS NOBILITY.—The quality of sincerity is one of the very finest traits of character. Those who cultivate it will find their reward in many ways, especially in the development of really fine manners; for sincerity is the corner-stone of all real excellence in manners. It follows in natural order the essentials of character which we have studied in our lessons. If we love the right and the good, are conscientious in action, truthful and honest in thought, speech and conduct, then sincerity comes as a natural growth from these, and will appear in simple, unaffected manners and true nobility of character. Nothing destroys good manners more than putting on airs, or assuming to know more, or to be more than is real. Seek to be what you admire, not to appear to be. Mere outward polish will soon wear off; but the finest manners and the most beautiful faces are those which reveal a beautiful character. Therefore, if boys and girls wish to make the very best appearance in every way, the first requirement is nobility of character. Polished manners which are not the product of sincerity of heart are like a veneer which will at last wear off showing the inferior quality of the article it has hidden. Sincerity does not require one to be rude and blunt in speech, though rude people often excuse their ill manners in that way, but we should be considerate as well as truthful, and the true gentleman *because* he is sincere will not wound the feelings of others.

IN THE HOME, sincerity will make one avoid all boasting, or claiming authority over younger members of the family, will not permit an unmannerly act because it is done only before brother or sister, will not know such a thing as "company manners," for good manners should be always the same, at home and abroad.

IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM, the sincere boy or girl will not make a pretense of knowledge which is not possessed, nor seek chances for showing off when one has little to show. One will not be ashamed to ask for information because it betrays ignorance. Better let people know your ignorance and have it removed than conceal it by pretense and still remain ignorant. Every sincere pupil will seek both to be and to appear at his best, and for that reason will constantly improve both in character and manners.

ON THE PLAY-GROUND, boys often assume among their play-fellows a swaggering, boorish and rough manner, thinking that that is fitting for boys, while girls affect simpering and languid airs thinking they are lady-like. Both are mistaken and should cultivate a sincerity which will banish those false standards, which will make them endeavor first to be good and true, and then to act without affectation of any kind.

IN SOCIAL LIFE, sincerity is of the very first importance, for its presence would destroy many evils from which society suffers greatly. Friendships are destroyed, neighborhood quarrels started and human intercourse rendered cold and formal because people are insincere. But these are small evils compared with those upon character itself wrought by insincerity in social life. White lies easily grade down to black ones, deceit in the social world makes the same thing in business, while the thought of the hollow pretense which is so common in society has made men despair of humanity and lose faith in God.

IN BUSINESS, as in social life, the presence of sincerity shows itself in various ways. It lifts business to a higher plane and builds up the character of the people who practice it. No one can do business in the spirit of perfect sincerity without being first a help to that business, because people like such a man; secondly, a help to himself, because he will grow in character, and third, a help to his neighbor, as a good example.

IN RELIGION, sincerity first cleanses the heart of all sham—sham, and pretense—then lifts it in simple worship to God.

H. C. McDUGAL.

Real Children.

A friend told me of her little niece, who, being naughty, was sent to say her prayers, and stay on her knees until she felt God had forgiven her. As she returned almost immediately, her mamma said: "Why, Sadie, did you feel forgiven so soon?"

"Yes, mamma; as soon as I asked God to excuse me, He said: 'Don't mention it, Miss Jones.'"—L. C.

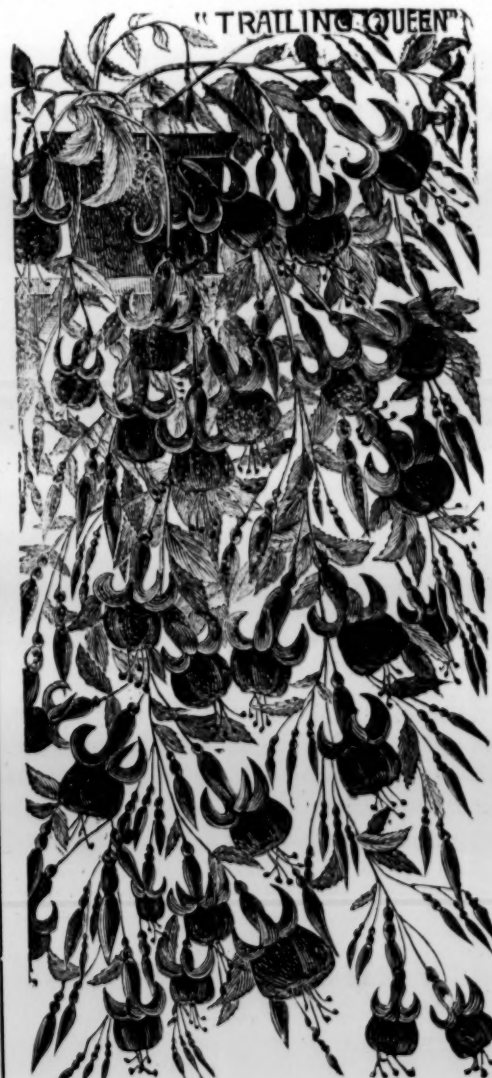
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What They Say About Unity.

In giving some more extracts from some of the letters that come to this office we do it for the encouragement of those who, with ourselves, think that UNITY, spite of its inevitable limitations and defects (concerning which the editorial management is neither indifferent to, nor ignorant of), is worth perpetuating. We do not aspire to become a competitor of the all-round papers that seek to meet all the varied interests and needs of the home. We assume that UNITY goes into homes where there is other reading matter. We are content, as we have often said before, to *play our tune on one string* because that one string is the noblest one in the harp of life; the one that vibrates to religious liberty and spiritual culture. We thank all our friends for their encouragement, knowing how sorely we may try their patience in the future as in the past, we pledge to them our best consecration; — a service of love. May it breed loyalty all around.

From a busy farmer in Wisconsin.

"UNITY could not die. With us it is looked for from little A . . . up. Its sermons and editorials are always read aloud and we look for it eagerly."

From the pastor of one of the strongest and best known Independent churches in the West.

"I am a little late but none the less hearty in expressing my gratification that UNITY is to go on. I nearly always read it through, which is more than I can say of any other paper. It always has a tonic quality that is bracing and helpful. What it says this week about 'naturalizing our spiritual fancies' seems to me suggestive of many things; in fact, almost the key to much of the spiritual movement of our modern life. The ancient ascetic tendency is strong in the blood, and is constantly cropping out in unexpected places; doubtless, much of the protest against the real, the natural, the divinity of the common and natural life is the survival of the old method of 'conquering the world' by running away from it. But this is not what I started out to say; I wanted you to have the satisfaction of knowing of another reader who appreciates UNITY, and who, in his way, is trying to make for the universal religion. Our church here is a composite making towards a real Unity; it is the real Liberal church of the place."

An Eastern subscriber:

"I should be sorry to see the last of UNITY. I have enjoyed and do enjoy it so much. Something is always to be found there for one's daily needs. I keep the 'Helps to High Living' in my desk in the office and hope they are not without influence in my daily life."

From San José, Cal.:

"DEAR UNITY: — I am sure that every lover of liberality and progress rejoices in the resolution that you must not die. May you live long, and always with increasing prosperity and usefulness."

With a Massachusetts' dollar comes the following:

"As long as UNITY works for the free Church, the Church of progress, and the Church of all those, who love the right and truth wherever found, I shall rejoice to see it prosper."

A subscriber from Wisconsin writes: "Enclosed find \$1.00 for another year of UNITY. I wish it were half a million to help you build one of your 'Temples of Liberty.'"

A Mt. Pleasant, Ia., subscriber:

"I hope to be well enough ere long to do something, in some way, for UNITY, which you are so bravely shouldering, which cannot be spared from the Western work."

An Oshkosh, Wisconsin reader:

"I am as ever, a firm friend to, and a staunch believer in UNITY and what it stands for."

A lady in Detroit writes:

"As I cannot keep house without the weekly visits of UNITY, I enclose \$1.00 for the paper."

A Michigan lady:

"I hope you will make a success of UNITY — it is good and helpful."

A Wisconsin subscriber:

"I should be sadly bereaved to lose UNITY; it must not be."

From a Florida orange grove:

"I send \$5. Find three new readers and send UNITY to them."

Hosmer and Gannett's "The Thought of God."

We have on hand a considerable number of copies of this beautiful book of poems in three different editions, and on account of our being compelled to move our publishing business again by the end of April, we desire to close out all copies on hand.

The paper edition of this book retails for 50 cents. We will send it postpaid to any reader of UNITY ordering before April 10th for 34 cents.

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We have also an edition bound in morocco with gilt top. This we will send postpaid for 90 cents to any reader of UNITY ordering before April 10th.

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